

it was not your hair but sleeping
butterflies lay across the sheet
Tragic Beauty i called you
you answered with bells in your throat

what's wanting now is dancers
flowers in the waterglasses
the house full of your laugh

your friend and mine
she wanted to stuff him into her bed
so we might go home and
"talk things out"

we drank some more beer con-
vincing him it was all right
then skidded home and
fell asleep instead

the hot springs

high and so softly happy
with lots of moon and pickled figs
our velvet heads rubbed the sky
while down in water's sweaty hold
i thought we would never come apart
these poems are arms stuck in the sand